

Oxford Democrat.

No. 17, Volume 7, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, August 31, 1847.

Old Series, No. 27, Volume 16.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
G. W. ELLIS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS,
IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms—
the Proprietor not being accountable for any error
beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.
A reasonable deduction will be made for payment in
advance.

Book and Job Printing
Promptly and Neatly Executed.

POETRY.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
Where pleasure itself cannot please;
Away with cold breeding, that faithfully still,
Affects to be quite at his ease;
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
The freest is first in the band,
And nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is a man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle and just,
He warmly can love and can hate;
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust,
To fashion's intolerant state;
For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
Though lowly or poor in the land,
Is nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand.

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
His impulses simple and true,
Yet tempered by judgment, and taught by good sense,
And cordial with me and with you;
For the finest in manners as highest in rank,
It is you man! or you man! who stand,
Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
A man with his heart in his hand.

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

"Love never sleeps!" The mother's eye
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distressed, she sobs and weeps,
With beating heart! "Love never sleeps!"

Yet, 'tween that sad and fragile form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
O'erburdened nature sinks to rest;
But o'er them both another keeps
His midnight watch—"Love never sleeps!"

Around—above—the angel hands
Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes and eager hands
They raise the soul to hope again;
Free as the air their pity sweeps
The storm of time! "Love never sleeps!"

And round—beneath—and over all,
O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
A higher bends! The slightest call
Is answered, and relief is given:
In hours of woe, when sorrow steps
The heart in pain—"Love never sleeps!"

Oh, God of Love! Our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world's false radiance turn!
And as we view thy purity
We feel our hearts within us burn;
Convinced, that in the lowest depths
Of human ill—"Love never sleeps!"

THE STORY TELLER.

[From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.]

THE THREE WORDS WHICH FOLLOWED BENEDICT ARNOLD TO HIS GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION,
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

When we look for the 'Traitor' again, we find
him standing in the steeple of the New London
Church, gazing with a calm joy upon the waves
of fire that roll around him, while the streets be-
neath flow with the blood of men and women
and children.

It was in September, 1781, that Arnold de-
scended like a Destroying Angel upon the
homestead of Benedict. Tortured by a remorse
that never for a moment took its vulture back
from his heart, fired by a hope to please the
King who had bought him, he went with men
and horses, swords and torches, to desolate the
scenes of his childhood.

Do you see this beautiful river, flowing so
calmly on, beneath the light of the stars? Flow-
ing so silently on, with the valleys, the hills, the
orchards and the plains of Connecticut, on ei-
ther shore.

On one side you behold the slumbering town
with the outlines of Fort Trumbull rising above
its roof; on the other, a dark and massive pile,
pitched on the summit of rising hills, Fort Gris-
wold.

All is very still and dark, but suddenly two
columns of light break into the starlit sky. One,
here, from Fort Trumbull, another over the op-
posite shore, from Fort Griswold. This column
marks the career of Arnold and his men, that
the progress of his brother in murder.

While New London, baptised in blood and
flames, rings with death groans—there are heard
the answering shout of murder from the heights
of the Fort, on the opposite shore.

While Benedict Arnold stands in the steeple
surveying the work of assassins, yonder, in Fort
Griswold, a brave young man, who finds all de-
fence in vain, rushes toward the British officer,
and surrenders his sword.

By the light of the musket flash we behold
the scene.
Here, the young American, his uniform torn,
his manly countenance marked with the traces
of the fight. There, the British leader, clad in
his red uniform, with a scowl darkening his red
round face.

The American presents his sword; you see
the Briton grasp it by the hilt, and with an oath
drive it through that American's heart, ex-
tending it with his own blade!

British magnanimity! Now, it chains Napo-
leon to the rock of St. Helena, poisoning the
life of him, with the persecutions of a Knighted
Turk, now it hangs the Irish Hero, Emmet, be-
cause he dared to strike one blow for his native
soil. Now it coops a few hundred Scottish men
and women, in the ravine of Glencoe, and shoots
and burns them to death!

British mercy! Witness it, massacre-ground
of Foulis—witness it, gibbet of the martyred
Hayne, hung in Charleston, in presence of his
son; witness it, corpse of Loydard, stabbed in
Fort Griswold, with your own surrendered
sword!

Do not mistake me—do not charge me with
indulging a narrow and contracted national
hatred. To me, there are even two Nations of
England, two kinds of Englishmen. The Eng-
land of Byron and Shakespeare and Bulwer, I
love from my heart. The Nation of Milton, of
Hamperden, of Sidney, I hold to form but a por-
tion of that commonwealth of freedom, in which
Jefferson, Henry and Washington were broth-
ers.

But there is an England that I abhor! There
is an Englishman that I despise! It is that Eng-
land which finds its impersonation in the bloody
unbecoming George the Third, as weak as he was
wicked, as blind as he was cruel, a drivelling id-
iot, doomed in his reign of sixty years, to set
brother against brother; to flood the American
Continent with blood, to convulse a world with
his plunders, and feel at last the judgment of
God, in his blighted reason, his demoralized fam-
ily, his impoverished Nation.

Behold him, take the Crown, a young and not
unhandsome man, with the fairest hopes blooming
around him! Behold him during the
bloody of forty years, wandering along that soli-
tary corridor of his palace, day after day, his lip
fallen, his eye vacant, his heart moistened by
his tears, while grasping notes with his hands,
he totters before us, a living witness of the Di-
vine Right of Kings.

And yet they talk of his private virtues! He
was such a good, amiable man, and gave so
many half-pence to the poor; he even took a
few shillings from the millions, wrung from that
Nation, to pauper his royal babes, and bestowed
them, in charity, mark you, upon the "Peo-
ple whom he had robbed!"

I willingly admit his private virtues. But
when the King goes up to judgment, to answer
for his crimes, will you tell me what becomes of
the—Man?

There is a kind of Englishman that I despise,
or if you can coin a word, to express the full-
ness of honest contempt, speak it, and I will
echo you!

Behold the embodiment of this Englishman,
in the person of George the Third, who after a
life, rich only in the fruits of infamy, after long
years of elaborate pollution, after making his
Court a brothel, the very air in which he walked
breathing pestilence, went groaning one fine
morning, from his perfumed chamber, to an un-
wiped, a detested grave!

On that grave, not one flower of virtue bloom-
ed; not one disinterested corpse, lying in state,
not one tear of pity fell. The meanest felon
may receive on his cold face one farewell tear—
all the infamous tyrannies enacted beside, the
death-bed of Napoleon, could not prevent the
tears of brave men and heroic women falling
like rain upon his noble brow. But will you
tell me the name of the human thing that shed
one tear—only one—over George the Third?

It is thought like those that stir my blood,
when I am forced to record the dastardly deeds
performed by British hirelings in our Revolu-
tion.

The single corpse of the heroic Loydard, stab-
bed with his own sword, should speak to us with
a voice as eternal as the Justice of Heaven!

While he laid, cold and stiff, on the floor of
the conquered fort, the flames from the burning
town spread to the vessels of the river, and by
the light of blazing roofs and sails, Benedict
Arnold looked his last upon his childhood's home.

Soon afterwards, he sailed from our shores,
and came back no more.

From this time forth, wherever he went,
three whispered words followed him, ringing
through his ears into his heart—ARNOLD THE
TRAITOR.

When he stood beside his King, in the House
of Lords—the weak old man whispering a fami-

liar tones to his gorgeously attired General—a
whisper crept through the thronged Senate,
faces were turned, fingers extended, and as the
whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable
Lord arose and stated, that he loved his Sovereign,
but could not speak to him, while by his
side stood ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

He went to the theatre, parading his warrior
form amid the fairest flowers of British nobility
and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen,
than the whole audience rose—the Lord in his
cushioned seat, the vagrant of London in the
gallery—they rose together, while from the pit
to the dome, echoed the cry—"ARNOLD THE
TRAITOR!"

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion,
the liveried servant that ate his bread, and
earned it too by menial office, whispered in con-
tempt, to his fellow lacquers, as he took his po-
sition behind his master's carriage—ARNOLD
THE TRAITOR.

One day in a shadowy room, a mother and
two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourn-
ing, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a
picture shrouded in crape. A visitor was an-
nounced. The mother took his card from the
hands of the servant, and the daughters read his
name. "Go!" said that mother, rising, with a
flushed face, while a daughter took each hand.
"Go! and tell this man, that my threshold can
never be crossed by the murderer of my son—
BY ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

Grossly insulted in a public place, he ap-
pealed to the company—noble Lords and renowned
men were there—and breathing his antagonist,
with his fierce brow, he spit full in his face—
This antagonist was a man of tried courage. He
coolly wiped the saliva from his cheek. "You
may spit upon me, but I never can pollute my
sweat by killing—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

He left London. He engaged in commerce.
His ships were on the ocean—his ware-houses
in Nova Scotia—his plantations in the West
Indies. One night his ware-house was burned
to ashes. The entire population of St. John's
—accusing the owner of acting the part of in-
cendiary to his own property, in order to de-
fraud the insurance companies—asssembled in
that British town, in sight of his very windows,
they hung an effigy, inscribed with these words
—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

When the Island of Guadeloupe was re-taken
by the French, he was among the prisoners—
He was put on board a French prison-ship in
the harbor. His money—thousands of yellow
guineas, accumulated, through the course of
years—was about his person. Afraid of his own
name, he called himself John Anderson; and the
name once assumed by John Andre. He de-
cided himself unknown, but the sentinel, approach-
ing him, whispered that he was known and in
great danger. He assisted him to escape, even
aided him to enclose his treasure in an empty
cask, but as the prisoner, gliding down the sides
of the ship, pushed his raft toward the shore,
that sentinel looked after him, and in broken
English sneered—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in
Havre, hot-foot from Paris. It was in the dar-
kest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued
by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror,
stripped of every wreck of property or power,
Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a
ship about to sail. He was going, a beggar and
a wanderer, to a strange land, to earn his bread
by daily labor.

"Is there any American gentleman staying
at your house?" he asked the landlord of his
hotel—"I am about to cross the water, and would
like a letter to some person of influence in the
New World."

The landlord hesitated for a moment and then
replied:
"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from
America or Britain, but whether American or
Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in
his life was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister—ascend-
ed the stairs. A miserable knuckled he, stood
before the stranger's door, knocked and
entered.

In the far corner of a dimly-lighted room,
sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms
folded and his head bowed on his breast. From
a window, directly opposite, a flood of light
poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking
from beneath the downcast brows, gazing in
Talleyrand's face, with a peculiar and search-
ing expression. His face was striking in its
outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an
iron will.

His form, vigorous even with the snows of
fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and
distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a
fugitive—and, under the impression that the
gentleman before him was an American, he so-
licitly hid his kind offices.

He poured forth his story in eloquent French
and broken English:

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced
to fly to the New World, without a friend or a
hope. You are an American? Give me, then,
I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some
friend of yours, so that I may be enabled to
earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any
manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with
such horror, that a life of labor would be a pa-
radise to a career of luxury in France. You will

give me a letter to one of your friends? A gen-
tleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look
that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated to-
ward the door of the next chamber, his head
still downcast, his eyes still looking from beneath
his darkened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backward—his voice
was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World
that can raise his hand to God and say—I HAVE
NOT ONE FRIEND—NOT ONE—IN ALL AME-
RICA."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming
sadness of that look which accompanied these
words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange
man retreated toward the next room. "Your
name?"

"My name?"—with a smile that had more
of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—
"My name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sunk into a chair,
gasping the words—

"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

—Thus you see he wandered over the earth,
another Cain, with the murderer's mark upon
his brow. Even in the secluded room of that
inn at Havre, his crime found him out, and
forced him to tell his name—that name the syn-
onym of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered
with a cloud, whose darkness but a few gleams
of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly
known. But we cannot doubt that he died ut-
terly friendless—that his cold brow was uncon-
cerned by one farewell tear—that remorse pur-
sued him to the grave, whispering John Andre
in his ears, and that the memory of his course
of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, mur-
muring forever—"True to your country, what
might you have been, O ARNOLD THE TRAI-
TOR!"

Who shall dare depict the closing scene of
this wild drama? Who shall dare paint the ag-
ony of his death-hour? With a trembling hand
and hushed breath, we drop the curtain and
turn away from the death-bed of Benedict Arn-
old.

READING THE WILL.

OR, THE MERCENARY LOVER.

This morning I received a note from my af-
fected bride, Constance Graham, requesting me
to attend at two o'clock that day at the house of
her late uncle in Harley Street, for the purpose
of hearing his will read. I had the greatest
pleasure in complying with this invitation. The
Constance is the prettiest and most amiable girl
of my acquaintance, I had determined never to
marry her while her uncle lived; he had fre-
quently proclaimed her his heiress, but as fre-
quently took offence at something or at nothing
in her behaviour, and bequeathed his wealth to
a hospital, prison, or lunatic asylum. I felt quite
easy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr.
Graham's housekeeper, had given me information
that, only an hour before her master's death,
he had told her he had handsomely provided for
Constance. I felt, however, that it was my pol-
icy to appear ignorant of that circumstance, Con-
stance being very romantic and Constance's
mother very suspicious.

At the appointed time I walked into the draw-
ing room in Harley street, the very few rela-
tives of the old gentleman were assembled—
There was Constance, looking as Hebe might
have looked if ever Hebe wore erape and bon-
bazin; Constance's mother looking very stiff,
cross, and uneasy; an elderly female cousin, and
a stripling nephew of the deceased. I feared
none of them. I knew that Mr. Graham dis-
liked his fine lady sister-in-law, despised the ser-
vility of his elderly cousin, and dreaded the fro-
lics of his stripling nephew. I seated myself by
Constance, and in a soft tone began to protest
my affection and disinterestedness. "Knowing
the caprice of your uncle, my beloved," I said,
"I have every reason to conclude that I shall
hear you are disinherited; this, however, will
be of little moment to me; I have enough for
comfort, though not for luxury; and, as the song
beautifully says,—

"I fancy, Mr. Chilton," said Constance's mo-
ther, looking excessively sneering and shrewish,
"that it is pretty well known that my daughter
is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, madam?" I replied, with a start of
surprise, "I was not aware that any surmise was
hazarded concerning the contents of Mr. Gra-
ham's will."

"I have heard a surmise hazarded," sharply
interrupted the elderly cousin, that Mr. Gra-
ham was not in his senses when he made it."

"The mind must be both base and weak," re-
torted Constance's mother, "which could give
credence to such a rumor." And forthwith a
sparring dialogue took place between the two la-
dies, during which I whispered to Constance a
page of Moore's poetry done in prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor
and intimate friend of the late Mr. Graham; he
was a handsome young man, and presumed at
one time to lift his eyes to Constance; he open-
ed the will, and we all became intently atten-
tive. Oh, what a disappointment awaited us! Three
thousand pounds were bequeathed to Constance,
(this was the old fellow's idea of a handsome

provision!) Five hundred pounds to the elder-
ly cousin, ditto to the stripling nephew, small le-
gacies to the servants, and the remainder of his
wealth to found a cold water establishment for
the reception of those who were not rich enough
to pay a gratuity for being half drowned. Tem-
ple read the names of the attesting witnesses, and
then refreshed himself with sherry and biscuits.
As he was a friend of the family, his presence
was no restraint on conversation.

"That will ought to be disputed," said Con-
stance's mother, looking very red, "I do not be-
lieve Mr. Graham was in his senses when he
made it."

"I thought," said the elderly cousin, with
a sneer, "that the mind must be both base and
weak which could give credence to such a sur-
mise."

"Dear mamma," said Constance, "do not be
discomposed, I am very well contented—I shall
not be quite a portionless bride." Constance
held out her delicate white hand to me—I af-
fected not to see it.

"My dear Miss Graham," I said, "do not be-
lieve me so cruel and selfish as to wish to plunge
you into poverty."

"I thought you said your income was suffi-
cient for every comfort," said the stripling ne-
phew.

I did not condescend to answer him, but con-
tinued: "No Constance, though it breaks my
heart to do so, I give you back your freedom,
saying in the pathetic words of Haynes Bailey,
"May your lot in life be happy, undisturbed by
thoughts of me." I was just making to the door
leaving Constance looking more like Hebe than
Hebe, when Temple said, "I think the party
had better remain till I have read the codicil."

I resented myself in amaze, and Temple forth-
with read that the testator, being convinced that
he had received no benefit from the cold water
system, revoked and rescinded his legacy to it,
bequeathing the same to his beloved niece, Con-
stance Graham.

"Constance, dear Constance!" I exclaimed,
in the softest tones. But Constance looked
neither like Hebe nor Niobe, but as stern and
severe as Media. I then attacked Temple. "Is
it legal," I said, "only to read part of a will?"

"I read every word of the will," he replied,
"and, having greatly fatigued myself by so do-
ing, I trust that it was perfectly legal to re-
fresh myself with a glass of sherry before I read
the codicil."

I was going to utter some further remarks,
when Constance's mother said "Good morning,
Mr. Chilton," in a tone of voice which left me no
alternative but to echo her leave taking, and I
descended the stairs, pursued by a smothered
laugh from the party in the drawing room, re-
turned home in very low spirits, and entered my
adventure, or rather misadventure, in my diary,
deducting from it this very valuable piece of ad-
vice to gentlemen in search of fortune: "Never
believe that a will is concluded till you have
inquired whether there is any codicil to it."

A BOSTON BOY'S INDEPENDENCE. An old
gentleman of Boston, who was at the head of a
large manufacturing establishment, had an ap-
prentice who was addicted to a rather unclean-
ly practice, termed by anxious mammas, "pick-
ing the nose." Often had his employer expo-
stulated with him on the impropriety of such a
habit, but to no effect. He was rather a close-
fisted old customer, and one Fourth of July he
informed the youth in question that he must
work on that day. The boy, of course, did not
relish this much, but went away grumbling, and
on his "boss" calling at his place of business to
see how matters progressed, he found the boy,
instead of being at work, busily engaged, as usual,
with his nasal protuberance.

"There, John, this is the twentieth time this
week I have detected you in that filthy act!" he
exclaimed.
"I don't care," blubbered the apprentice; "it's
my own nose—and it's Independence day—and
I'll pick thunder out of it."

MYSTERIES OF THE HUMAN BODY. Dou-
glas Jerrold considers no education complete
without a certain acquaintance with medical sci-
ence. All, no doubt, know that the skin is the
perspiratory organ, but few, probably, are aware
of the magnitude of the part which, in virtue of
its function, it performs in the animal economy.
With reference, therefore, to this point, he cites
the following statement of Surgeon Wilson, F.
R. S. the celebrated English anatomist:

To obtain an estimate of the length of the tube
of the perspiratory system of the whole surface
of the body, I think that 2,800 might be taken
as fair average of the number of pores in the
square inch, and 700, consequently of the num-
ber of inches in length. Now, the number of
square inches of surface in a man of ordinary
height and bulk is 2,500; the number of pores,
therefore, 5,000,000, and the number of inches
of perspiratory tube, 1,750,000, that is 145,833
feet, or 48,000 yards, or, nearly twenty eight
miles.

ROYAL CASHON. George II. being inform-
ed that an imprudent printer was to be punish-
ed for having published a spurious king's speech,
he replied that he hoped the punishment would
be of the mildest sort, because he had read both
and as far as he understood either of them he
liked the spurious speech better than his own.

EAST WIND.

The ill effects of the east wind on health have
always been noticed. It is well known that air,
as it grows warmer, becomes capable of holding
in solution (or drinking up) a greater quantity
of moisture; a current of cold air rushing into a
place which is warmer will, therefore, dry up a
great deal of wet. For this reason, damp clothes
in winter, placed in the open window of a warm
room, dry uncommonly fast. Now, it is well
known that nothing is more pernicious to the
health than a sudden drying up of the perspira-
tion. Whether this be owing merely to the cold
caused on the skin by the evaporation of so much
moisture, or to the derangement of some other link
in the animal economy, need not be asked. It is
sufficient that the fact is so. Now this reason,
—a current of air which is acquir-
ing heat, and is therefore becoming drier, is un-
commonly prejudicial. Every one has observed
how disagreeable are currents of air in warm
rooms; in fact the warmer the room, and the
nearer we are to the fire place, so much the
more annoying is a draft from any of its crannies.
Such a current, increasing in heat as it passes
from the cold of the external air to the warmth
of the room, will absorb double its former mois-
ture, and of course will dry the perspiration on
the body faster than it can be supplied, causing
by that means rheumatism in all its forms, tooth-
ach, headache, &c. Now, it is evident, that the
same reason which causes a draft from the open
air into a room to be disagreeable will cause any
wind blowing from a cold region into one that is
warmer, to have exactly the same effects. The
east wind is in this predicament; it blows from a
colder continent, which retains the cold of win-
ter longer than the marine tract on which we
are situated, the temperature of which is more
equal, and at such times warmer. Damp or misty
winds are also proverbially hurtful, and their
injurious effects seem to arise from the moisture
continually deposited by them on the body,
which is evaporated by the natural heat, and
causes in that process an unusual and hurtful
degree of cold, or, in continuation in the animal tem-
perature.

ACTION.

Who ever become a man of influence by sit-
ting under the burrow of despondency? What
slowpoke ever benefitted the world, his friends,
or himself. There is nothing like action, cou-
pled with cheerfulness. We see it every where—
Who is he sitting on that empty barrel on the
wharf? A man with no energy—a prey to grief.
He doesn't know what to do, and how to start.
Who is that man with folded arms, standing in
the market place? A lazy, do little of vagab-
ond, who hardly earns his bread and butter.
Do you wish to become such a character? Then
arouse yourself; away from the arm-chair—up
from the gutter—out of the downy bed. Move
your arms, kick your feet, and stir about; give
the blood a chance to circulate through your
veins, and the air of heaven to enter your lungs.
Seize the first job presented, and dispatch it at
once—up for the pay, and get another forthwith.
You'll soon earn enough to purchase a wheel-
barrow or a hand-cart, and then you will begin
to live. Who knows what he may become?
Energy is half omnipotent. Small beginnings
end in large gains; a penny well turned brings
a fortune. Resolve then to do something and
be something, and our word for it, you will bless
us to your dying day for preaching thus faith-
fully to you.

GOOD AND TRUE.

A man, says Dr. Franklin, as often gets two
dollars for the one he spends in informing his
mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any
other way. A man eats up a pound of sugar,
and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed
has ended; but the information he gets from a
newspaper is treasured in the mind to be en-
joyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or
inclination call for it. A newspaper is not the
wisdom of one man, or of two men; it is the
wisdom of the age, and of past ages too. A fam-
ily without a newspaper is always half an age
behind the times the general information; besides
they can never think much nor find much to
talk about. And then there are the little ones
growing up in ignorance, without any taste for
reading. Besides all these evils, there's the wife,
who, when the work is done, has to sit down
with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse
her, or divert her mind from the toils and cares
of the domestic circle. Who then, would be with
out a newspaper.

BE KIND AND CONSIDERATE.—Children
should never be unnecessarily thwarted when in
pursuit of an object. A child, for example, be-
fore he can speak, is trotting after a ball, the
nurse snatches him at the moment, to be washed,
and the poor child throws himself into a violent
passion. Whereas, had she kindly assisted him
in gaining his object, and then taken him up,
this trial would have been spared, and his tem-
per unimpaired. Teasing and derision tend very
much to enliven a good disposition, even in
grown persons.

THE MEAT OF AN ANIMAL.—While the
stomach is full, is much more liable to putri-
fy in warm weather than that killed in proper
condition; hence this rule is specially to be re-
garded at this season of the year.

Oxford Democrat.

No. 17, Volume 7, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, August 31, 1847.

Old Series, No. 27, Volume 16.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. ELLIOT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS,

IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms—

the Proprietor not being accountable for any error

beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.

A reasonable deduction will be made for payment in

advance.

Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,

Where pleasure itself cannot please;

Away with cold breeding, that faithfully still,

Affects to be quite at his ease;

For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,

The freest is first in the band,

And nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,

Is a man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle and just,

He warmly can love and can hate;

Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust

To fashion's intolerant state;

For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,

Though lowly or poor in the land,

Is nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,

The man with his heart in his hand.

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,

His impulses simple and true,

Yet tempered by judgment, and taught by good

And cordial with me and with you; [sense,

For the finest in manners is highest in rank,

It is you man! or you man! who stand,

Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,

A man with his heart in his hand.

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

"Love never sleeps!" The mother's eye

Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;

And as she marks the moments fly,

While death creeps on with noiseless tread,

Faint and distressed, she sobs and weeps,

With beating heart! "Love never sleeps!"

Yet, 'tween that sad and fragile form

Forgets the tumult of her breast;

Despite the horrors of the storm,

Overburdened nature stuns to rest;

But o'er them both another keeps

His midnight watch—"Love never sleeps!"

Around—above—the angel hands

Stoop o'er the cure-worn sons of men;

With pitying eyes and eager hands

They raise the soul to love again;

Free as the air their pity sweeps

The storm of time! "Love never sleeps!"

And round—beneath—and over all,

O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,

A higher bonds! The slightest call

Is answered, and relief is given:

In hours of woe, when sorrow steepens

The heart in pain—"Love never sleeps!"

Oh, God of Love! Our eyes to thee,

Tired of the world's false radiance turn!

And as we view thy paralytic

We feel our hearts within us burn;

Convinced, that in the lowest depths

Of human ill—"Love never sleeps!"

THE STORY TELLER.

[From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.]

THE THREE WORDS

WHICH FOLLOWED BENEDICT

ARNOLD TO HIS GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION,

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

When we look for the Traitor again, we find

him standing in the steeple of the New London

Church, gazing with a calm joy upon the waves

of fire that roll around him, while the streets be-

neath flow with the blood of men and women

While New London, baptised in blood and

flames, rings with death groans—there are heard

the answering shout of murder from the heights

of the Fort, on the opposite shore.

While Benedict Arnold stands in the steeple

surveying the work of assassins, yonder, in Fort

Griswold, a brave young man, who finds all de-

fence in vain, rushes toward the British officer,

and surrenders his sword.

By the light of the musket flash we behold

the scene.

Here, the young American, his uniform torn,

his manly countenance marked with the traces

of the fight. There, the British leader, clad in

his red uniform, with a scowl darkening his red

round face.

The American presents his sword; you see

the British grasp it by the hilt, and with an oath

drive it through that American's heart, trans-

fixing him with his own blade!

British magnanimity! Now, it chains Napo-

leon to the rock of St. Helena, poisoning the

life of him, with the persecutions of a Knighted

Turk, now it chains the Irish Hero, Emmet, be-

cause he dared to strike one blow for his native

soil. Now it coops a few hundred Scottish men

and women, in the ravine of Glencoe, and shoots

and burns them to death!

British mercy! Witness it, massacre-ground

of Paoli—witness it, gibbet of the martyred

Haynes, hung in Charleston, in presence of his

son's witness it, corpse of Leyland, stabbed in

Fort Griswold, with your own surrendered

sword!

Do not mistake me—do not charge me with

indulging a narrow and contracted national

hatred. To me, there are even two Nations of

England, two kinds of Englishmen. The Eng-

land of Byron and Shakespeare and Bulwer, I

love from my heart. The Nation of Milton, of

Hampden, of Sidney, I hold to form but a por-

tion of that commonwealth of freedom, in which

Jefferson, Henry and Washington were broth-

ers.

But there is an England that I abhor! There

is an Englishman that I despise! It is that Eng-

land which finds its impersonation in the bloody

imbecile George the Third, as weak as he was

wicked, as blind as he was cruel, a drivelling id-

iot, doomed in his reign of sixty years, to set

brother against brother; to flood the American

Continent with blood, to convulse a world with

his plunders, and feel at last the judgment of

God, in his blighted reason, his demoralized fam-

ily, his impoverished Nation.

Behold him, take the Crown, a young and not

unhandsome man, with the fairest hopes bloss-

oming around him! Behold him during the

idolcy of forty years, wandering along that soli-

tary corridor of his palace, day after day, his lip

fallen, his eye vacant, his heart moistened by

his tears, while grasping notes with his hands,

he totters before us, a living witness of the Di-

vine Right of Kings.

And yet they talk of his private virtues! He

was such a good, amiable man, and gave so

many half-pence to the poor; he even took a

few shillings from the millions, wrung from the

Nation, to pamper his royal babes, and bestow-

ed them, in charity, mark you, upon the "Peo-

ple whom he had robbed!

I willingly admit his private virtues. But

when the King goes up to judgment, to answer

for his crimes, will you tell me what becomes of

the—Man?

There is a kind of Englishman that I despise,

or if you can coin a word, to express the full-

ness of honest contempt, speak it, and I will

echo you!

Behold the embodiment of this Englishman,

in the person of George the Third, who after a

life, rich only in the fruits of infamy, after long

years of elaborate pollution, after making his

Court a brothel, the very air in which he walk-

ed breathing pestilence, went groaning one fine

morning, from his perfumed chamber, to an un-

wept, a detested grave!

On that grave, not one flower of virtue bloom-

ed; not that dishonoured corpse, lying in state,

not one tear of pity fell. The meanest felon

may receive on his cold face one farewell tear—

all the infamous tyrannies enacted beside the

death-bed of Napoleon, could not prevent the

tears of brave men and heroic women, falling

like rain upon his noble brow. But will you

tell me the name of the human thing that shed

one tear—only one—over George the Third?

It is thoughts like these that stir my blood,

when I am forced to record the dastardly deeds

performed by British hirelings in our Revolu-

tion.

The single corpse of the heroic Leyland, stab-

bed with his own sword, should speak to us with

a voice as eternal as the Justice of Heaven!

While he laid, cold and stiff, on the floor of

the conquered fort, the flames from the burning

town spread to the vessels of the river, and by

the light of blazing roofs and sails, Benedict

Arnold looked his last upon his childhood's

home.

Soon afterwards, he sailed from our shores,

and came back no more.

From this time forth, wherever he went,

three whispered words followed him, ringing

through his ears into his heart—ARNOLD THE

TRAITOR.

When he stood beside his King, in the House

of Lords—the weak old man whispering a fami-

liar tones to his gorgeously attired General—a

whisper crept through the thronged Senate,

faces were turned, fingers extended, and as the

whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable

Lord arose and stated, that he loved his Sovere-

ign, but could not speak to him, while by his

side stood ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

He went to the theatre, parading his warrior

form amid the fairest flowers of British nobility

and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen,

than the whole audience rose—the Lord in his

cushioned seat, the vagrant of London in the

gallery—they rose together, while from the pit

to the doom, echoed the cry—"ARNOLD THE

TRAITOR!"

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion,

the hired servant that ate his bread, and

earned it too by menial office, whispered in con-

tempt, to his fellow lackeys, as he took his po-

sition behind his master's carriage—ARNOLD

THE TRAITOR.

One day in a shadowy room, a mother and

two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourn-

ing, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a

picture shrouded in crape. A visitor was an-

nounced. The mother took his card from the

hands of the servant, and the daughters read his

name. "Go!" said that mother, rising, with a

flushed face, while a daughter took each hand.

"Go! and tell this man, that my threshold can

never be crossed by the murderer of my son—

by ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

Grossly insulted in a public place, he appeal-

ed to the company—noble Lords and renowned

men were there—and breasting his antagonist,

with his fierce brow, he spit fire in his face—

This antagonist was a man of tried courage. He

coolly wiped the saliva from his cheek. "You

may spit upon me, but I never can pollute my

swore by killing—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

He left London. He engaged in commerce.

His ships were on the ocean—his ware-houses

in Nova Scotia—his plantations in the West

Indies. One night his ware-house was burned

to ashes. The entire population of St. John's

—accusing the owner of acting the part of in-

condinary to his own property, in order to de-

fraud the insurance companies—assembled in

that British town; in sight of his very windows,

they hung an effigy, inscribed with these words

—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

When the Island of Guadeloupe was re-taken

by the French, he was among the prisoners—

He was put on board a French prison-ship in

the harbor. His money—thousands of yellow

guineas, accumulated, through the course of

years—was about his person. Afraid of his own

name, he called himself John Anderson; the

name once assumed by John Andre. He deem-

ed himself unknown, but the sentinel, approach-

ing him, whispered that he was known and in

great danger. He assisted him to escape, even

aided him to enclose his treasure in an empty

case, but as the prisoner, gliding down the sides

of the ship, pushed his raft toward the shore,

that sentinel looked after him, and in broken

English sneered—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in

Paris, hot-foot from London. It was in the dar-

kest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued

by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror,

stripped of every wreck of property or power,

Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a

ship about to sail. He was going, a beggar and

a wanderer, to a strange land, to earn his bread

by daily labor.

"Is there any American gentleman staying

at your house?" he asked the landlord of his

hotel—"I am about to cross the water, and would

like a letter to some person of influence in the

New World."

The landlord hesitated for a moment and then

replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from

America or Britain, but whether American or

Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in

his life was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister—asc-

ended the stairs. A miserable suppliant he

stood before the stranger's door, knocked and

entered.

In the far corner of a dimly-lighted room,</

THE RIGHT FEELING.

We copy the following article of the "London News" from the "Philadelphia Ledger." We agree with it in the sentiment, that "it is in the right spirit, and we respond to it cordially." We have met with few articles in the London press which express such wise and liberal views. If England should act in this spirit, and instead of attempting to thwart us in our war with Mexico, according to the contracted suggestions of some of English editors, would do all in her power to promote peace upon the terms we propose, we should be duly impressed with the propriety of her course. We do not ask her mediation. We have declined it, from the best of motives. Yet it is impossible not to feel duly sensible of the dignity of the proceeding which is said to have marked the course of Mr. Bankhead, the British minister in Mexico, and of the trouble which his secretary has taken in consulting the wishes of Mr. Trist. When peace shall come, and bring to us "indemnity for the past and security for the future," then we shall be ready to approve the liberal spirit with which Great Britain may second the suggestions in the following extract:

From the London News.

"If ever there was a time when England should make up her mind at least to live on terms of amity with the men of the same blood and tongue, who inhabit the other side of the Atlantic, the present is that time. A state of things has at length been attained in the new continent which has obliterated all the old causes of jealousy. To the settlement of the northeastern frontier of Maine, has succeeded the settlement of the Oregon. Our attempt to erect an independent barrier to the southwest of the American Union, in Texas, has not only failed, but led directly to the absorption of that territory into the Union.

"Mexico, half occupied, and even that half not peopled, by a race to which no European counsel or aid can communicate political wisdom, honesty, or courage, has fallen, by the natural current of human events, under Anglo-American influence, if not sway. We have not thought fit to interfere. England did not consider the preservation of the balance of power in the New World an object worthy of calling forth the display of her strength, or the risk of war.

"Having come to this resolution—and, we think, wisely—and, in fact, acquiescing in the immense extension of the power and empire of the power and empire of the United States southward, it would be most foolish in us to preserve ill-humor, at the same time that we forswear hostility, and to display in those prints and speeches, which represent public opinion, a jealousy and hatred towards that people for conquests as impossible for them to avoid as to prevent. It is more natural that we should take pride in Anglo-American prowess and success, and its superiority to other races, than that we should feel lowered by their achievements and that we should bestow our entire sympathies on a race apparently incapable of civil freedom.

"Independent of the removal of territorial differences, that great arrangement has just been concluded by which the soil of America, ploughed by the descendants of Englishmen, is made to afford food for the dense population of the mother country, besides in more productive arts than those of agriculture—those arts supplying the more precious and costly returns. At such a time, when free and large intercourse between the two hemispheres is established, it becomes a matter of the first consideration for those who guide and supply public opinion whether the mutual sentiments of the people of both countries shall continue to be the old, inveterate, and class kind—whether they shall consist of that contempt of aristocrat and democrat for each other, and of those two prejudices first sown on this side of the Atlantic, and which antagonistic prejudices have produced a corresponding crop of hatred and depreciation on the other.

"We cannot but think that the time has come for burying such sentiments as these. Wherever they are kept up, they seem to be more so from habit and traditional petulance, than from any fresh or genuine impulse of feeling. The worst ingredients of the old Tory spirit have been gradually discarded and flung away by the more enlightened spirits of the Tory party. It has learned religious tolerance, stooped to provide for the poor. Instead of combating and defeating republican and revolutionary countries, Toryism has forsworn such war, and proclaimed itself peaceful and fraternalizing. We no longer have a lord chancellor prescribing the Irish as aliens, a foreign secretary denouncing the French as Jacobins, nor any one, who pretends to statesmanship, hallooing the passions of the mob against American democrats. But the press in this respect lags behind the liberalism of public men. It remains inveterate, insulting, anti-national; and thus excites in other lands a resentment which has really ceased to inflame any breast at home."

Mrs. PARINGTON. The old lady writes from Boston that every thing she drops is caught right up by the Post and other papers; and that they make her so public that she is afraid if she remains much longer in the city she will have nothing private left. She desires to seek retirement in the country. She wants a small house with suitable out-buildings; such as a pigsty, a cowshed, and a horse, with an acre where she can keep bees, hens, geese, and other fowls, and lay her own eggs and raise her own chickens, geese, and turkeys; also a drunkeny convenient for the animals. The house to be on a gentle incline, with a low revenue, between two rows of trees, leading up to the front door; surrounded by nice scrubbery; and a clear and sparkling brook leandering about the premises. If any gentleman has such a place, she thinks she could make an arrangement with him, by purchase or otherwise, that would be satisfactory to both. [Worcester Palladium.]

GOSSIP FROM MEXICO.

Translated from the N. O. La Patria, 8th inst. VERA CRUZ, August 2, 1847.

Since the departure of the steamer Massachusetts on the 23d ult., no other opportunity has occurred until the present one for communicating with you, and I will now give you all the news I have been able to ascertain.

The English minister's mail arrived here on the 31st ult., bringing dates from the capital to the 29th. The private correspondence that it brings gives the following political news: There were 28,000 men in the capital, of which 20,000 were regular troops, and the rest of the national militia. This increase of forces has been caused by the arrival in Mexico of Gen. Valencia, from San Luis Potosi, with 4,500 men, and 36 pieces of artillery of all sizes. The actual number of pieces of artillery ready in the capital amounts to 117. As I told you before, Brig. Gen. Lombardini is commander-in-chief of the army, who, without any merit at all, without ever having been in such a situation as to prove his worth, either as to bravery or intelligence, has been preferred among twelve or fourteen generals of division who are at present in Mexico. According to the say Santa Anna has procured this selection, in order that Lombardini, as a mere automaton, may be the blind instrument of his orders.

The government, for Santa Anna's army have prohibited the publication of all papers of the capital, except the Diario Oficial, which is the only one circulated in the other States. We may say he is excusable for this step, because, as what he aims at is the establishment of a dictatorship and the press obstinately resists it, giving the public to understand the injurious effect which the "Mexican Napoleon" has on their interests, he has found it necessary to give a mortal blow to the liberty of the press.

The capital is a real Babel—both *escabados* and *moderados* have lost their senses, and neither one nor the other knows what they want or what is best for them. Both parties accuse one another as being the cause of the deplorable state of affairs in the republic. The result of all this will be similar to that of the rabbits in the fable, who, while belying disputing as to whether they were greyhounds or lurchers, had their doubts solved by the arrival of the dogs who destroyed them.

Santa Anna seeks a dictatorship in order to be able to make peace, but the mysterious hero of Angostura "counts without his host," and does not pay attention to the coalition in the six northern States. Poor country of Guatemala and Montezuma!

By means of the English commercial house of Manning & Mackenzie, the government receives \$20,000 daily until \$100,000 are made, upon which this house is to deliver for the consolidation of the English debt. Moreover, a forced contribution of \$1,000,000 has been imposed on the capital, divided in sums according to the capital of the residents; but it is said that, from the manner in which it has been divided, not the third part of this contribution will be realized.

Since the suppression of the press, there have been published in Mexico two sheets eulogizing Santa Anna, and one (of which I enclose a copy) which has for its title in large golden letters the following:

"The happy appearance of the 19th of May, of the present year."

Its sole object is the extolment of Santa Anna, elevating him to apotheosis, as a recompense for all the ills he has done. The other, which I have not been able to obtain, calls for a dictatorship as a salutary means for the country. Also there has appeared here a volume (which I send) entitled "Tribute to Truth." In this book you will see the lance of Amozoc, such as it was, which is the truth, and not as the author of the "happy appearance" paints it. Santa Anna fled at Amozoc the same as he did at Cerro Gordo, with his 2,000 horses, with troops armed, or rather they made him "walk a pace" with only three discharges of American Artillery; as we are all perfectly aware that at the first fire he changed his position, at the second his troops lost their order, and at the third they fled in different directions. Santa Anna may say he made the Americans run, but it was because he was in front and ran better than they could. Truly does the author of the "Tribute to Truth" say that from what has been seen at Cerro Gordo and Amozoc, it appears that, instead of teaching the Mexican soldiers to fight, he only enlightens them as to the manner of flying in shameful disorder.

Gen. Scott was at Puebla on the 30th, where he was waiting to be joined by the forces which lately left here, and which, as we have heard, had arrived at Perote on the 30th.

EL JAROCHIO.

FROM MEXICO.

Gen. Pierce, on his march through Jalapa, made requisition of provisions upon the authorities of that place, threatening, in case of refusal, to send them prisoners to Perote. The provisions were easily obtained by the commissary, who paid the citizens reasonable prices for them. This was a judicious and laudable measure on the part of General Pierce, but the Mexican papers complain of the shortness of his note.

A train, destined for the interior, left Vera Cruz on the 7th August; 200 wagons, 300 or 400 mules, escorted by a force of about 1500 men. In consequence of Col. Wilson being taken suddenly ill, the command was given to Major Leley. Before the departure of the train, a company of cavalry was sent out to scour the country for twenty-five miles along the road. They reported on their return that they had encountered several guerrilla parties, and that all the hamlets situated on the route were abandoned.

Vera Cruz now possesses an ample garrison, and Tampico is guarded by a force of 600 men,

which is deemed sufficient for its security. At Vera Cruz, on the 3d, a drunken soldier named Clark had a squabble with one of his sentinels while the latter was on duty. He seized the sentinels' musket by the bayonet, when the weapon was discharged, wounding three soldiers; Clark is supposed mortally and one of the others desperately.

It is said Paredes, the ex-president, took passage in the British steamer from Havana to Vera Cruz.

Died in the 3rd dragoon hospital, Mexico, during the month of July, 1847—Chas H. Smith, 1st Mass. vol. infantry.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27, 1847.

MEXICAN MATTERS. A letter has been received in this city from an officer of the army at Puebla, dated as late as August 6th, stating with great positiveness that commissioners on the part of Mexico were expected to arrive at Puebla in two days after that date. The writer has good opportunity for authentic information; nevertheless, his statement requires confirmation. Information has also been received to the effect that Gen. Scott has sent in a request, under a flag of truce, for an exchange of prisoners; and that such request had been accepted on the part of Santa Anna. Lieut. Rogers is among those to be released.

No official despatches have been lately received from Gen. Scott or Gen. Taylor. The private letters received from Monterey, however, mention of a forward movement. Some of these letters are from officers in Gen. Taylor's confidence.

Cor. N. Y. Herald.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, AUGUST 31, 1847.

"The Unionist must be preserved." Election—Monday, September 13.

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR,

John W. Dana.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

SECOND DISTRICT.

A. W. H. CLAPP.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

FRANKLIN CLARK.

FIFTH DISTRICT.

EPHRAIM K. SMART.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

JAMES S. WILEY.

FOR SENATORS.

FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.

CALEB H. AXER.

PHILIP CLARK.

JAMES H. FARNUM.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

OXFORD—AMERICA THAYER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

OXFORD COUNTY.

NATHAN M. MARBLE.

PREPARE FOR THE CONTEST.

The September election is near at hand.

Soon will be the contest between the wrongs of Federalism and the rights of the people. Are we prepared? We have nominated our candidates, both State and County, and now we must elect them. This County must have its two thousand Democratic majority. Then up and to work; not wait for others to prepare your duty, and then, after the election is over, go about murmuring at the apathy of the people; now is the accepted time and the day of salvation. The federalists are now showing their heterogeneous faces at all points, and are making ready for the fight with an alacrity that will betoken how desperate will be the struggle.

They know well that their success in 1848 depends much upon the result of the coming election. Hence their rallying cry will be "a union of all the whigs," under its various names and forms as Federalists, Whigs, Democratic Whigs, and Whig Democrats, Abolition Whigs, and liberty men; and as these subdivisions are all composed of persons of the most desperate characters it cannot be supposed that they will stay their proceedings against the government, unless the full purposes of their hearts be accomplished, our own rights are sacrificed to a great extent to the Mexicans, and to the vile ambition of the Mexican allies in this Country. They will oppose the war, and cry peace, and yet do all they can to prevent peace. The war is about their only ground of opposition, all other measures having turned out contrary to their predictions, and entirely satisfactory to the great mass of the people. This is no fiction of the imagination—no spectre of a heated brain—it is a reality, a living truth; and it behooves any friend of his country, to give himself no rest till every federal clan be driven from their lurking places, and the workers of our nations overwhelmed by the exposure to the scorn and contempt of all patriots. Then up—up, and away to the scenes of glorious conflict we say to the patriotic democracy of Maine, meet the arrogant full at every door of their aggressions; let there be no federal gain, especially in the Congressional Districts, but save the Constitution from the destroyer. If you are willing to become the surfs and vassals of the mighty and the privileged, then you have nothing to do, but if you still wish to live in the enjoyment of liberty, in its largest sense, under the Constitution—if you love your country, your government, and its purely republican institutions, then sleep not at your post, but on with the armor of democracy, and away to the fight. Nor is there any time to be lost; now—TO DAY, let every true son of the pine tree resolve to do his duty.

Nor should they mistake the real question at issue—remember that it is none other than the mighty and the privileged against the people.

Our Constitution recognizes no privileged classes or hereditary rights and titles; hence, it is that the federal party have always been warring upon our republican government. They have never been satisfied with it, and as they could not overthrow it by direct action, and erect another on its ruins suited to their monarchical notions and predilections, they have sought to establish a system of legislation to obtain such exclusive powers and special privileges as are not provided for in the Constitution. This is the true state of the case, and the people should not be deceived.

To strive to preserve our democratic government in its purity, is the duty of every patriotic citizen. It was purchased with the price of blood—the patriotic blood of our Revolutionary fathers! They were not federal whigs, nor federal Tories, nor paid lawyers, nor pensioned Senators, nor hired tourists, but they were the true sons of liberty, the very *finis* and *steel* of democracy, whose first fire carried death into the ranks of the British legions and drove them into the sea. Then it is for the hardy yeomanry, the intelligent mechanic, and the strong working men, who are called upon, as they love the blessings of liberty and equal laws, to look well to the way for that is now secretly at work to establish a state of things which cannot fail to abridge the rights now so highly enjoyed, and which should never be surrendered.

"While the earth bears a plant,
Or the sea rolls a wave."

Who is to be our next President? A Northern man? No. A Southern man? No. A Western man? No. Well, who then? Why a UNITED STATES MAN; one who will go for the good of the whole Union. Such were Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, and such is James K. Polk; and such will be our next President, whether he be the present incumbent, Silas Wright, James Buchanan, Lewis Cass, T. H. Benton, or Levi Woodbury. We shall be willing to support either of these men for the Presidency, whenever they come properly before the people, not because of their particular location, but because we believe them honest, capable, and patriotic, and favorable to the best interest of all classes of every section of our country. We discard the man who seeks to make a hobby of a measure simply because it is adapted to the interest of the State in which he lives without regard to the rest, or who would support a man for the Presidency solely because he is favorable to such measures. But we would throw our influence in favor of such men and measures as would be most conducive to the general good, regardless of sectional lines or personal localities, whether they be the men we have named, or others with similar qualifications.

The Feds in Lincoln County can't find out with all their learning, who FRANKLIN CLARK, Senator to the last Legislature from that County, and recently nominated for Congress in the Oxford and Lincoln District, is. But at the same time, they find fault with him, and represent him as a pupil of Mr. McCrater, a mere tool, without any mind of his own. Not very consistent to condemn a man of whom they acknowledge themselves entirely ignorant. Well the Democrats in this County know him, and have so much confidence in him, that they are determined to place him in a situation at the September election, where they can become still better acquainted with him. They know enough of Morse already.

The following Resolutions were presented to the members of Lincoln County Convention, by Henry Ingalls, Esq., of Wiscasset, from the committee chosen for that purpose, and were unanimously adopted by the convention:—
Resolved, That the progress of democratic principles and the success of democratic measures are encouraging to those who desire their country's welfare, and should inspire with new hope and vigor, the efforts of all who, averse to the rule of federalism aim to give to the country such a majority as shall keep in the ascendant the star of democracy.
Resolved, That the constantly increasing wealth and resources of the country—its large and profitable developments—the intelligent and moral character of its population, its acknowledged strength and magnificence, render it the proper and desirable territory for a great republic, and worthy of the rule and government of a wise and patriotic democracy.

Resolved, That the Mexican war was imposed on us by the acts of Mexico herself, and that no alternative was left to our government but a resort to arms to defend our territory and protect our rights; and that the prompt, efficient, and energetic measures of the administration preparatory to the commencement of hostilities, and during the progress of the same, deserve and receive our entire and hearty approbation and should be supported by every citizen.
Resolved, That the officers and soldiers of our armies in Mexico—the heroes of Palo Alto, Resaca de La Palma, Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo—have won for their country and themselves imperishable honor and renown, and that they ought to receive the gratitude and applause of the whole people.

Resolved, That the whigs of the present day, the same in principle and feeling with the Tories of the revolution and the Federalists of the last war and alike constant in their opposition to the best interests of their country, have, in the opinion of this Convention, done much to prevent our army from conquering an honorable peace, in as much as by their acts and declarations, they have endeavored to embarrass the operations of our government and, by taking the side of Mexico, have infused into the enemy, confidence and courage.

Resolved, That the tariff of 1846, in its practical operations, has exceeded the expectations of its most sanguine friends, and has extended its

beneficial results to the industrial classes of the community in every section of the country, and forever alienated and rebuked those who sought to excite a panic in consequence of the passage of this law, as well as those who called for its repeal, and that it must now be regarded as a settled policy of the country.

Resolved, That in relation to the candidate for the next presidential election, the democrats, republicans of Lincoln County, are pledged to no man, set of men, state or section of the Union, but that, believing, in a matter of such universal interest and in a government framed solely to advance the interests and wishes of the people, and that their will alone should be consulted, the democrats of this county are willing and desirous to avocate the deliberations of a National Convention, unless the public voice shall sooner have designated the candidate.

Resolved, That adherence to regular nominations is a cardinal principle of Democracy, and necessary to the success of any party; and believing the principles of democracy to be right in themselves and their progress most for the interest of the country, that we will for this reason, give our cordial and entire support to all democratic nominations fairly made, and that we cannot but look upon any departure from this long established and time honored usage as opposed to the success of democratic principles.

Resolved, That in the ability, wisdom and patriotism of John W. Dana, we have a sure guaranty that in his hands as chief Magistrate, the rights, interests, and honor of the State, will be strictly preserved, and that we cordially recommend him for the support of the Democrats of this county.

Resolved, That we have the fullest confidence in the ability and integrity of the Hon. Franklin Clark, our Candidate for Representative in Congress, and that we will use all fair and honorable means to secure his election.

Resolved, That we have entire confidence in the candidates this day nominated by this convention, and that we will use our best exertions to effect their election.

CHEERING.

The Bath Times says:—

"This District has a strong democratic majority, and that majority will show itself at the polls. Whig hopes have fallen a peg—its stocks in this Congressional District have a decidedly downward tendency. The democrats will once more do their duty and reburnish their tarnished fame. Thompson will open her lime-kilns and quarries, and bring forth her eight hundred democratic votes; Nobleborough will follow with her invincibles, while in all the towns from Wadsworth line to Lake Umbagog the notes of the democratic bugle will be heard, echoing along the wooded hills and fertile valleys of Oxford, and across the bald cliffs and cultivated fields of Lincoln, mustering the forces of the democracy into one solid and overpowering phalanx.

"Of the nominees for county officers we need say but few words. They are all good men and true, and were nominated with perfect unanimity. The democracy of Lincoln have proved themselves repeatedly and never have been found wanting. They are all men of tried political faith, and correct moral deportment, in whose keeping the interests of 'Old Lincoln' may be safely trusted. It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we place their names at the head of our columns. The people—if they consult true political policy—will give them a triumphant election."

Wonderful. The whigs pretend that they can run down our candidate for Congress "just as easy" as can be, and yet they make a dreadful lull and cry because some other man did not receive the nomination. They have a wonderful sympathy all at once, for several distinguished democrats who are not nominated. Verily, a straw is sufficient to indicate the direction of the current.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Convention of the Democrats of Cumberland County was held at Gray the 26th inst. John C. Humphreys was President and Charles Cobb Secretary. The Convention was characterized by remarkable unanimity.

A. W. H. CLAPP was nominated for Congress unanimously, having 64 votes. Mr. Littlefield sent in a letter, requesting the convention not to consider him a candidate.

James M. Leach, Samuel Mayall and Charles Holden, were re-nominated for Senators with two dissenting votes.

Wm. H. Morse, of Brunswick, was nominated for 4th Senator, in place of Rufus Porter, who declined a re-nomination.

Henry C. Babb, of Westbrook, County Treasurer.

Daniel M. Cook and Abiezer Freeman, County Commissioners.

Robert P. Dunlap, Delegate to the National Convention.

No-Party Men.—No party men are usually found in one or two classes—those who are destitute of public spirit and those who have been disappointed in some dealings with one party or more parties. The first class are either engaged in pursuits which they think of more consequence than good government, for they have that sort of indolent faith which assumes that all will go on well because there is no pressing evil that now crosses their individual paths. Hence while they are enjoying the good government which political watchfulness secures they despise the very agency by which they are enabled to indulge their contempt peacefully. The second class is a numerous one. The loss of an office, the success of a rival, the failure of a scheme, wonderfully open their eyes to a sense of a hollowness of party. Henceforth they are pure patriots, privileged to rain upon the rest of the world and pronounce all men either deceiv-

ers or deceived. In short no-partyism is always the growth either of a mistaken estimate of things or of lazy selfishness, or disappointed expectations. A reasonable, sensible, unselfish man, seldom falls into it. He may be more or less active on political subjects but he will have some opinion on them and act at proper season with firmness.—Hartford Courant.

THE FIRST VOTE.

There are, at every election, more or less young men who are to throw their first vote. Some such, we doubt not, will read this article. We conceive it to be an event of no ordinary importance, and such it should be well weighed.

The young man before he casts his first vote should well, calmly, and thoroughly canvass the principles of both the great political parties of the country—for into one or the other, despite third or fourth parties, he must ultimately fall.—Let him take the Democratic Party, in this country on the one hand, commencing with its illustrious founder JEFFERSON, and trace it down step by step, with critical eye, through all its phases, and through the several administrations of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren and Polk. Let him take the same course with the FEDERAL PARTY, beginning with Hamilton, its father, and following it through the administrations of the elder and younger Adams, being careful not to be entrapped by the various clap-net names adopted by that party since its organization.

Let him examine the relative course of the two parties on all the great issues in which the honor of the country or the rights of masses have been involved.

The young man when he attains his majority, is generally in heart democratic. That feeling only dies out after collision with the world, and association with adverse influences. Let him resolve that his FAVORITE VOTE shall be in accordance with his natural predispositions, and we venture the prediction that he will never regret it. The destiny of this generation—the greatest on the face of the whole globe—rest upon the shoulders of our young men. Every one of that class should prepare himself deliberately to take his fair share of the responsibility.

Let the young man examine, then, as we have suggested, the principles and measures of the two great parties, and act in accordance with the light of history. The following is, in our opinion, an honest synopsis of the result to which he will arrive.

Democracy is for the MANY—Federalism is for the FEW.

Democracy is for the poor and rich equally Federalism is for the rich rather than the poor.

Democracy is for sustaining the National honor. Federalism is for the reverse, ever giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy.

Democracy is for equal rights. Federalism is for special privileges and monstrous monopolies.

Democracy is for universal suffrage. Federalism is for vesting that power in property.

Democracy is for no distinction of classes but that of moral or intellectual merit. Federalism would draw an impassable line between wealth and poverty, high birth and low birth.

Democracy would elevate the masses. Federalism would depress them.—Argus.

THE CANDIDATES. We are about to see the strength of Mr. Clay's popularity, as well as Gen. Taylor's availability, tried by the whigs.—They have several strings to their bow, but two of them more prominently than others. If they believe themselves strong enough to carry Mr. Clay, he will be their candidate in 1848. Because he is most popular with them—because they have tried him, and have trusted him.—They know him to be a true Clay whig, if there be one in the country—a bank man, a protective tariff man, a distribution man, a friend to national internal improvements—in a word a man who will carry out their principles and their measures, serve their party views, and assign them the horses and fishes. He is, therefore, their first choice, and for him they will go, if they can hope to elect him; and their recent temporary successes and his own presence, amid applauding crowds of his party, will contribute to this selection. They prefer him to Gen. Taylor, who consents only to be elected as a "no-party man"—refuses to serve any party purposes—has formed no opinion on the tariff or bank, &c. &c.

But if Mr. Clay cannot be elected, in their opinion, then they may consent to run Gen. Taylor—availing themselves of his military *celat*, and trusting that they may manage and mould him to their purposes; in which calculation they may again be baffled as they were before.

Washington Union.

According to the Federalists our first war—the war of the Revolution—was the "Rebel's war."

Our second was "James Madison's war."

Our third is "James K. Polk's war."

Each of these wars have received their most unqualified condemnation and unmitigated hostility. The only war these federalists ever seemed disposed to engage in with vigor, was the one they tried to get up against Gen. Jackson for his opposition to Mr. Biddle's exchange regulations. But they lacked "volunteers"—Ohio Statesman.

To the democracy of the Union, greeting.—We have done our utmost, although contending with a majority for Harrison of about 1800, for Clay of 1900, for McHenry at the congressional election of 685—notwithstanding this vast odds, the democrats of the district have fought like men, contesting every inch of ground, and victory presses upon our banners.—Hopkinsville, Ky., Press.

Mrs. EDITOR.—While I am under the head of "Legislation" a communication from "Y" history of "matters and things, he attempts to the "Liquor Committee," House of Representatives Committee. Some of these later to mislead, or make upon the ruins of the road. As I change to know some I presume it will not be color or improper should I and wrong impression.

Van Dyke says, "The about 7000 Petitioners, a monstrosity—not including straits, making in all 17,000 serves to strengthen the that has gained credence in the Committee threw report the number of females, in not reporting the males. If Van Dyke would have said, if he was her,—he must have known introduced there, and passed on License Law to Petitioners and Remonstrators and females separate age of the order, the business casting up the numbers nor committee, who had not the time the Bill, referring people, was reported in the report was made, the number on the list and cast number of Remonstrators, was 14,343—about as near of Petitioners is 7,000. titioners as finally reported of Remonstrants, 12, females, making in all 14,343. There is almost a seem by some citizens, that he should have the audacity to give so delicate a question to ask, or even permit, to decide a question which solves, and in which over. That Committee deserve nor censure, either from of the present law. The classes, simply and incite our legitimate masters, to decide it as seemeth good. I understand this report people, was based upon a deed or more citizens of which there was no remotion were the names of talented men, known, throughout the whole State the public mind would rect decision, whether this otherwise.

On the question of a would vote in the negative for repeal of the present could be substituted. Still I would not have felt in been left in confidence to the ballot box.

BREAD FOR THE MILL of the New York Times thus speaks of care and "I have just returned having traveled over the direction, desire to press saw and which are well supposed that at this time of its provisions, and have already taken over 1 road-stuff to market. when I discovered, even when untrashed, and by the way side. The crops in Ohio is far from and if other states west him, then must our country of the world.

"On the road from which is the terminus of in a south eastern direction with waggons innumerable or corn, so that six mill stage coach in which I a wood road on purpose Mansfield, Sandusky, a station, the produce collected one time on the lake the sells in sight, navigating played in their down-breadstuffs to market.

"I have heard it said were threatened by the that my eye, for a tho the West, rested not on—The crops are late. The ing well, and such im spread out view to t astonish an eastern m in some of which I e sand head of noble cull I never saw before. T try never appeared to this moment."

The crops generally believe, though some and weevil in wheat, a There is good reason tatoes will escape the hands to be unusually p we are inclined to be grateful for a generous

The crops generally believe, though some and weevil in wheat, a There is good reason tatoes will escape the hands to be unusually p we are inclined to be grateful for a generous

The crops generally believe, though some and weevil in wheat, a There is good reason tatoes will escape the hands to be unusually p we are inclined to be grateful for a

Carappa; D. B. Clement, J. & N. Parker, and R
& Co., Gorkum; N. Reynolds & Son, Lewiston
Robert Jugals, Shelburne, N. H.
For sale in Portland by JOSHUA DURGIE
Co., and by the Druggists generally.—[Jan. 1, '47
The above named Agents have also for sale
DR. J. D. BUZZELL'S

**ISSUE
MISSING**

ISSUE MISSING

No

©

Ten
In adv
Adv
the Pro
beyond
A reason
advance

PRO

A song
A son
As he
In th
He hat
'Mid
And in
To c

As he
To n
They h
And
Missou
And
As with
She J

A song
Wha
Since fi
Thro
Since r
He d
To be
To h

Long b
No li
Save th
And
Then th
To b
But the
And

Then
And
And th
And
For a l
And
There
" W

Gone
Gon
No mo
The
Their
As
They
Gon

The w
He
And l
OP
The v
An
And
An

And
And
To
And
Th
And
' Al

Flow
In
Who
Th
A h
W
Yet

W
And
In
An
S
An
Th

Th
W
Li
Ge

fu
ca